



# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



R. EATON, Proprietor. | E. HOLME, Editor

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1852.

## DIGGING OUT OLD CITIES.

There are, from accounts occasionally published by travellers in Egypt and Asia, very interesting operations going on in both of those countries. In Egypt, a French traveller, as Bayard Taylor says in his letters to the Tribune, has discovered the real situation of the famous ancient city of Thebes, which has been buried in the sands of the desert for so many centuries that its site has long been a matter of dispute.—This gentleman employs Arabs to dig away the sands, and has thereby brought to view one of the streets, and a temple with lots of sculptured images, such as sphinxes, &c., of which he takes drawings, and then covers them up again, in order that they may be preserved, as the present race of Egyptians would destroy them, in various ways, if allowed to remain uncovered.

This is a curious circumstance in the history of this people. Centuries ago the people built up a great and flourishing city—the city of Thebes,—seventeen miles in circumference, with an hundred gates, with temples and pyramids, with rich and gorgeous sculpture,—crowded with a powerful population,—the admiration of the world. Ages rolled away, and it fell and became gradually buried by the blowing in of the shifting sands of the desert, until it was lost, and no one knew exactly where it used to be,—and now, in the year 1852, a single individual has fortunately discovered the spot, and is employing a group of Arabs to throw off the sands that have pressed upon the buried city for so many hundred years, and bringing to view the streets and houses, and richly decorated public buildings, from this sepulchre of ages, as fresh and perfect as they were when the sands first began to bury them. So degenerate are the miserable race that now occupy the country, that to preserve these monuments from utter destruction they are again consigned to the grave by the hand that is employed to exhume them.

In another portion of the world, celebrated for its former greatness and power, a city is now being dug out from the “dust of ages” which, for centuries and centuries, has covered and hidden it from mortal eyes,—even Nineveh, the great city which, in the days of Jonah, (2400 years ago,) had, as some compute it, 120,000 children, or, as the prophet expressed it, “more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle.”

Mr. Layard, an Englishman, has found the site of some of its temples, which he is uncovering, and from which he has sent home a variety of remarkable sculptures illustrative of the ancient history of that age. In addition to this, it is not a little remarkable that Col. Rawlinson has discovered the method of reading the ancient inscriptions on their monuments, so that they can be readily translated into English.

We find in the Family Visitor an extract from a letter to one of its Editors, which interested us very much, as it shows what light these discoveries are throwing upon the history of that ancient powerful and numerous city and people. It is dated at Mosul, Dec. 6, 1851.

We spent last evening with Col. Rawlinson, who is now here. He surprised me—but perhaps not you—by saying that the inscriptions of Koyunjik are in Hebrew, which he claims was never the language of the Jews except during their captivity and for a short time after, when they used no other: after which, he says, they re-adapted their own tongue, the Chaldean, (so called.) On one of the bulls in Koyunjik, which you will see in the British Museum, he reads Sennacherib’s account of his campaign against Phoenicia in the third year of his reign. The cities he took are given in their geographical order, as they lie along the coast. While he was at Sidon, the colonists whom his father had planted in Samaria, revolted, and drove Tobal (whom Sennacherib had sent as their ruler) out, who fled to Jerusalem to Hezekiah, where was hospitably entertained. The revolted colonists, hearing that Hezekiah was coming to punish them, sent for aid to Egypt, whereupon Sennacherib marched down the coast to fight the Egyptians before them, with the colonists—defeated them, and again placed Tobal over the revolted colonies.—He then demanded tribute of his friend Hezekiah, which the Jew declined giving; and so “took his fenced cities,” till Hezekiah sent him thirty talents of gold, three hundred talents of silver, etc., for which he gave up his second claim, when he lost his whole army, fled home, and was captured. Of this campaign nothing is said in Koyunjik, for every king wrote his own history, and not alluding to his successor (apparent). Of course Sennacherib had no opportunity to do this, had he been disposed, of the last campaign.

He (Sennacherib) says he left his image and a record of his victories upon the rocks by the sea in Phoenicia. So you have looked upon his portrait in two places, a few years ago, in the British Museum. Col. Rawlinson is in hopes of finding portraits of Hezekiah and his court, perhaps of Isaiah. I have been over to Koyunjik but once, and then the trenches were very muddy, and we did not half see or a quarter enjoy them. I mean to go again while Col. Rawlinson is there, and see Sennacherib’s bull and his Phoenician campaign. I suppose I am not to receive any information about the history of the King, but the campaign is described in the Bible.

If we rightly understand our correspondent, and if he has rightly understood Col. Rawlinson’s theory about the national language of the Israelites, we cannot doubt that oriental scholars on both sides of the Atlantic will await with some curiosity, and some credulity, the reason which the learned and gallant Colonel may offer for his opinion that the Israelites are not Hebrews, we now know them, from Moses to Malachi, are only translations from the original Chaldean; and that the few chapters of Daniel and Ezra, which are written in what is commonly called the Chaldean dialect, are all that remains to us of the language really spoken by Moses and Isaiah—are statements so contrary not only to received ideas, but to all known probabilities, that we must needs wait for further explanations and for proofs. On this point we cannot but suspect some misuderstanding.

But the account of the deciphered inscription is more intelligible. In the matter of inscriptions and arrow headed writing, Col. Rawlinson is a great authority. Many of our readers will remember a similar announcement, made six months ago, of an inscription which Col. Rawlinson had deciphered and translated on one of the slabs from Nineveh in the British Museum. That slab, we may presume, was from the same mound in which the great decipherer had found the more detailed account of Sennacherib’s Phoenician and Asian conquests. How wonderful is it that such inscriptions should remain buried under the earth, till the time had come in which they could be read once more, and could bear their testimony in confirmation of the Old Testament records. Had the ruins in the mound of Cuyunjik been uncovered, at any former period since their original interment, they would long ago have crumbled into dust and would have left no copy to the world.

## FIRST LEGISLATIVE AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

Pursuant to notice, the members of the Legislature, and others interested in the subject of agriculture, visiting the capital, assembled at Representatives’ Hall, which had been granted for the meeting by an order of the House of Representatives, on Wednesday evening, March 9, 1852.

On motion of Mr. Nickerson of Orrington, Col. Jessie Smart of Troy was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Louis O. Cowan of Saco was elected Secretary.

Col. Smart, on taking the Chair, stated that some of the friends of agriculture, supposing that the cause of agriculture might be aided by a series of meetings, for conversation and discussion on matters pertaining to agricultural pursuits, had proposed that all interested in the subject should be invited to come together for the interchange of opinions. The meeting, he supposed, grew out of this proposition, which he regarded as a wise one. There had been no subject prepared for consideration this evening, and as it was a preliminary meeting, he would offer, for discussion this evening, a resolve, covering not particular subjects, in regard to crops, or methods of cultivation, but one of general character, having reference to the objects to be attained by such meetings.

He proposed this resolve:—

*Resolved*, That much practical information may be obtained, in the science of agriculture, by an interchange of opinions among practical farmers.

The resolve elicited remarks from Messrs. Nickerson of Orrington, Foster of East Machias, Boothby of Saco, Smalley of St. George, and others, all approving the sentiments of the resolution, and in approbation of the meetings. Several subjects connected with the raising of crops were incidentally alluded to in the course of the evening, but no specific one engaged the attention of the meeting. It was proposed to make the subject of cultivating fruit the one for consideration at the next meeting, and the proposition was assented to. The meeting then adjourned to meet on Tuesday, March 14, 1852. About thirty-five or forty persons, principally members of the Legislature, were present on this occasion.

## SECOND MEETING.

The Chair announced that the subject under consideration for the evening, as directed at the last meeting, was the cultivation of fruit, embracing soils adapted to its growth, suitable measures, best method of grafting and propagating, best varieties, or in a word, to state the subject in the form of a question, it was, “Can Fruit Growing be profitable in Maine?”

He hoped that gentlemen who were acquainted with this important and pleasant branch of agriculture, could speak from scientific knowledge and practical experience, would give their views freely, and in order to set the ball in motion, as he saw present the editor of the Farmer, Dr. Holmes, a gentleman acquainted with the subject in all its bearings, he would call on him for some opening remarks.

Dr. Holmes, in rising to respond to the call, said that he considered it well settled that most varieties of fruit, and particularly apples, could be profitably raised in Maine. There were some fruits that could be raised, such as plums, cherries, currants and gooseberries, advantageously, but they would not probably be cultivated so extensively for a market, as a source of profit, as the apple, and to this variety of fruit he thought attention should be particularly directed. It was an ascertained fact that the more northern the region in which the apple would ripen, the best the fruit of this kind could be raised, best in flavor, and best for keeping. A large part of the country who were acquainted with this important and pleasant branch of agriculture, could speak from scientific knowledge and practical experience, would give their views freely, and in order to set the ball in motion, as he saw present the editor of the Farmer, Dr. Holmes, a gentleman acquainted with the subject in all its bearings, he would call on him for some opening remarks.

As to the subject of grafting, an opinion prevails pretty extensively that it is not a good plan to graft old trees. He thought it a mistaken one. If a tree was a hundred years old, and had always borne fruit, he would graft and make it bear good fruit for the next century of its life. Mr. Foster said, in early life he came into possession of an orchard; that orchard had been pruned closely and ploughed among, those in the pasture were left to grow pretty much as they would. The trees in the pasture he found sound,—the wood white clear through. He was satisfied that ploughing, breaking the roots as it must in every direction, was bad treatment for the orchard.

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THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

The steamer Niagara arrived at Halifax on Wednesday morning the 17th, brings seven days later news from Europe. We extract the following, from the Telegraphic Despatch to the Boston Journal:

ENGLAND.—The new Lord Chancellor, Sir E. Louisa, had taken his seat in the House of Lords, at Baron St. Leonards.

The American Minister, Mr. Lawrence, held a grand reception on the 4th. An unusually long list honored the distinguished persons with their company.

A very serious riot had taken place at Bristol, in consequence of the factory hands refusing to go through a contracted doorway which had been erected by a manager of the great western cotton works, to prevent any of the girls from carrying off cotton waste for the purpose of dyeing it.

FRANCE.—The elections were progressing favorably for government.

The re-organization of the National Guard is going forward. A number of companies and several battalions have been formed.

PORTUGAL.—At date of last advices all was quiet. Count Thomar's appearance in Lisbon had created much surprise. He had not taken his seat in the Council of Senate, of which he is a member.

ITALY.—The *Opinione* quotes, that a letter from Milan of the 25th ult., states that the Police had received orders to exercise the strictest surveillance over English sailors, who were supported by Messrs. Rieth and Sauer, respecting the troops of Unity Academy.

PASSED.—To express in favor of David N. B. Coffin, Jr.; bill additional respecting Thomaston marine insurance company.

PASSED.—Bill to change the name of Dallas

## LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

TUESDAY, March 16.

**SENATE.** Resolved for the repair of the road through No. 11, in the county of Androscoggin, was read a second time. —*Carries*—no expiations, and the resolution was passed to be engrossed.

Resolved for the repair of the military road, appropriating \$500, was laid on the table, on motion of Mr. Bell.

Mr. Cary, from the committee on State roads, reported a resolve for the repair of road through township Letter F, Range 11, in Aroostook county. Read and assigned.

Mr. Spinnier moved its indefinite postponement, which was carried—yeas 11, nays 6.

The Gambling Bill came up from the House, re-comitted.

Mr. Loring moved its indefinite postponement. Mr. Bell moved it to lay on the table, and Wednesday next.

Mr. Cary called up the resolves respecting the public welfare, and moved to strike one after the word "Resolved," and insert the resolves embraced in the Baltimore platform.

After some debate by Messrs. Adams and Cary, and of Mr. Man, the resolutions were laid on the table.

**HOUSE.** Mr. Piper laid on the table a resolve remunerating Joseph Taylor for losses sustained by the burning of the Insane Hospital.

Finally passed.—Act to incorporate the Cohasset-Longfellow & Co. into public lands owned in common with Massachusetts; act incorporating Rockland steamship wharf company; incorporating Rockland limestone rock company; for preservation of no bridges.

MONDAY, March 22.

**SENATE.** Resolved for an appropriation for a gun-house at Turner, was read a second time.

Mr. Spinnier moved its indefinite postponement, which was carried—yeas 11, nays 6.

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**HOUSE.** The communication received from the Secretary of State, endorsing a list of the cities and towns allowed to loan their credit, was ordered to be printed. It [enables] Portland, Orono, Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Richmond, Bowdoinham, Topsham, Brunswick, and Bath. The aggregate of loans is \$2,252,000.

**WORKING OVER-EXTRA.**—Saves from \$7 to \$31.

The bill additional to chapter 35 of the Revised Statutes, the (gold) bill, was re-committed.

**PASSED TO BE ENGRAVED.**—Resolve in favor of David N. B. Coffin, Jr.; bill additional respecting Thomaston marine insurance company.

PASSED.—Bill to change the name of Dallas

WORKING OVER-EXTRA.

—Saves from \$7 to \$31.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.** March 15.

At Market price, to Showmen, Draymen, Packing Oxen, 50 Cows and Calves, 220 Sheep, and 450 Swine.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—We quote extra, \$6.80 @ 85c, first quality, \$6.00 second, \$5.20 @ 75c, third, \$5.00 @ 82c.

**COWS.**—\$2.50 @ 65c, \$2.25 @ 60c, \$2.00 @ 55c.

**SWINE.**—\$1.00 @ 75c, \$0.90 @ 70c, \$0.85 @ 70c.

**BEAN MARKET.** March 23.

FLOUR.—\$2.00 of Geneva, common brands, \$5.50 @ 12½; fancy brands, \$3.25 @ 25; Ohio and Michigan, common brands, \$5.00 @ 12½; fancy brands, \$4.50 @ 12½.

**GRANULES.**—\$1.00 of yellow fat Gran, 60c; white, 64c @ 65c. Northern Oats, 40c @ 41c. Rice, 60c per bushel, cash. HAY.—\$1.00 per ton, pay, per 100 lbs. \$0.05. Screw Hay, 75c per ton, \$0.05 @ 81 1/2c. Retarded, per 100 lbs. \$0.05 @ 75c.

**WOOD.**—\$1.00 per cord, \$1.25 per cord, \$1.50 per cord.

**IRON.**—\$1.00 per cwt.

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*Chr. Muse.*

## THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

The west had shut its gates of gold  
Upon the parted sun,  
And through each window's curtain-fold  
Lamps glistered one by one;  
And many a babe had sunk to rest,  
And many a mother's yearning breast  
Still lulled its idol care;  
In a nursery's peaceful boudoir,  
By pure affection circled round,  
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt; its cherub face  
Upraised with anxious care;  
And well devotion's heaven-born grace  
Became a brow so fair;  
But seldom at our Father's throne  
Such blest and happy child is known  
So painfully to strive;

For long, with trembling ardor fraught,  
That supplicating lip besought,

"Please God, let Lilly live!"

And still the imploring voice did flow

That little couch beside,

As for poor, sick, Lilly's woe

It could not be denied;

E'en when the spell of slumber stole  
With sooth'ning influence on the soul,

Like moonlight o'er the stream,

The murmuring life, the sobbing strife,

The broken plea for Lilly's sake,

Blest with the infant's dream.

So Lilly lived! but not where woes

Is measured out by woes;

Not where cold winter chills the clime,  
Or canker eats the rose;

And she who for her infant friend

In agonizing love did bide

To pour the teatful prayer,

Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart

That pierced the moaning parent's heart,

Lives with her Lilly there.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MUSEUM.

Soft as rays of sunlight stealing

On the dying day;

Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing

When eve fades away;

Sad as winds at night that moan

Through the heath o'er mountainous lone,

Comes the thoughts of days gone now

On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from the heaven

Hide at eve their light;

As the bells when fades the even

Peal not on the night;

As the night winds cease to sigh,

When the rain falls from the sky,

Pass the thoughts of days gone by

From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning

Forth again shall break,

And the bells give sweet-voiced warning

To the world to wake.

Soon to the winds shall freshly breathe

O'er the mountain's purple heath,

But the Past is lost in death—

Hath no memory.

*Chr. Story-Celler.*

From Dickens' Household Words.

## MY FIRST PLACE.

My father died before I can remember anything. My mother had a hard life; and it was all that she could do to keep herself and me. We lived in Birmingham, in a house where there were many other lodgers. We had only one room of our own; and when my mother went out to work, she locked the door and left me there by myself.

Those were dreary days. When it was summer, and the bright sun shone at the window, I thought of the green fields that I used to see sometimes on Sundays, and I longed to be sitting under a shady tree, watching the little lambs, and all young things that could play about. When it was winter, I used to sit looking at the empty grate, and wishing to see the bright blaze which never came. When mother went away in the winter mornings, she told me to run about to warm myself; and when I was tired and began to feel cold, to get into the blankets on the bed. Many long and wearisome hours I passed in those blankets, listening and listening to every step upon the stairs, expecting to hear mother's step. At times I felt very lonely; and fancied, as it began to grow darker and darker, that I could see large, strange shapes rising before me; and, that I might know that it was the sound of the key put into the door lock—it gave me courage in an instant. Then I would throw away the blanket, and raising my head with a feeling of defiance, would look round for the things that had frightened me, as if to say, "I don't care for you, now." Mother would light the fire, bring something from the basket, and cook our supper. She would then sit and talk to me, and I felt so happy that I soon forgot all that had gone before.

Mother could not always get work. I was glad then, for those days were the Sundays of my life—she was at home all day; and, although we often had nothing to eat but bread and potatoes, she had her tea; and the potatoes always tasted to me, at those times, better than they did on other days.

Mother was not a scholar, so she could not teach me much in that way; but she taught me how to keep our room clean and free from dust. I did not know much of other children; but I had a little cousin, about my own age, who came sometimes on Sundays with my aunt, and sometimes we went to see them.

At last, mother was taken ill—so very ill that she could not go out to work; and as I could not do for her all that was wanted to be done, my aunt came to be with us. Mother became worse and worse, and the doctor said he did not think she would ever get better. I heard him say this to my aunt, and he said it in such a way as if he thought I could not feel; and I do believe that some people who think that children can not feel; but I did feel it very much.

Aunt used to sit up at nights. I had a little bed made in a corner of the room on the floor. One night, after I had cried myself to sleep, I started up from a bad dream about dear mother. At first I could not remember where I was, not being used to my strange bed; but, when I did remember, I saw that the rush-light was just burning out. All was very quiet. The quietness frightened me. The light flared for an instant, and then it was gone; but it showed me my aunt lying on the floor with her head leaning on the bed; she was fast asleep. I thought mother was asleep, too, and I did not dare to speak. Softly creeping out of bed, I groped my way, as well as I could, to mother's side. I listened, but I heard no sound; I got nearer to her; I could not hear her breathe; I put out my hand to feel her face; the face was clammy and almost cold.

"Mother! dear mother!" I cried. The cry awoke my aunt; she got a light—mother was dead!

I cannot remember what happened for a long time afterwards, for I was very ill, and was taken to my aunt's house. I was very miserable when I got better again. I felt quite alone in the world; for, though aunt was kind, her kindness was not like mother's kindness. Whenever I

could get to be by myself, I used to think of poor mother; and often in the long, long nights, I would awake thinking about her, fancying that she was near, saying things to comfort me. Poor mother!

Time passed on, and by degrees I began to feel happier; for, through the influence of a kind lady—a Mrs. Jones—I was sent into a school, where I was kept entirely, and taught not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and to do needle work, but was also taught how to do every branch of household work, so as to qualify me to be a servant. At the age of sixteen, suitable places were provided for the girls.

I pass over my school days. They were very happy ones; but when I was selected to be the servant of a lady in London, I was very miserable at parting from every body that I knew in the world, and at going among strangers who would not love me one bit.

It rained heavily on the day I left, and every thing to be seen out of the window of the railway train looked dismal and dripping. When I got to the station in London, I went into the waiting room. I waited a long time. One after another went away, till at last I was left alone to watch the pouring rain as it fell faster and faster.

I was beginning to feel very dismal indeed, when a smartly dressed young woman came into the waiting room. At first I thought she was a lady; she came towards me.

"Are you the young person from Birmingham?" she said.

I was up in a moment, saying, "Yes, ma'am," courtingly as I spoke. But the minute afterwards I was sorry that I had courted, for I was sure she was not my mistress. We were soon in the cab.

"Well," said my companion, whom I soon knew to be Maria Wild, the housemaid, "and so you took me to be your mistress, did you?" and she laughed in a disagreeable way; "Ishan't forget your humble courtesy, and I'll try to keep you up to it."

The house where we stopped was a pretty stone house, standing at a little distance from the road, surrounded by a nice garden. I was glad it was in the country, for the sight of trees and green fields always called to mind those happy Sundays when dear mother was alive. But the country looked very gloomy just then; every thing seemed as dull as was.

I was chilly and shivering, and glad to creep to the fire; no one was in the kitchen. The kettle was boiling; it sounded cheerily, like the voice of friends I had often heard. The tea-things were set ready, and every thing around looked comfortable. By and by in came Maria and another servant, the cook. She was so smart! I looked at them timidly.

"Well!" she said, "now for your courtesy." I knew at once that Maria had been telling her about my mistake. I looked grave, and felt very uncomfortable; but I did not courtesy.

"Come, come," she said, "I'll excuse you tonight; you shall have some tea to cheer you up a bit. But don't look so down-hearted, girl; this'll never do; you must pluck up."

Then we sat down. She asked me a great many questions, all about the place I had come from; the relations that I had; every thing about the school; what I had done there; till at last I was quite tired of answering. Then I asked some questions in my turn.

The family consisted of a master and mistress, three children (all young) and four servants. My business was the care of the second drawing-room, to help the nurse till two o'clock, and after that time to help the cook. I wished that it had failed to my chance to have had a place more decidedly a place than this seemed to be; but I did not dare to say a word. I was very much tired, and cook told me that I might go to bed; for mistress (who was out) would not return till late to speak to me that night. Very glad I was to go. I was to sleep in the room with the cook and housemaid; but had a small bed to myself. Tired as I was, I could not sleep. When they came into the room, they believed me to be asleep, and they went on talking for a long time. I wished not to hear what they said; for, though they talked about very wrong.

With such companions I felt that I could never be happy. I longed for morning, that I might write at once to the matron of my school and tell her what a relief sound was the music of my mother's voice.

But what would the matron say? I knew well that she would chide me; for in the very last advice she gave me, she said that I must expect, when I went into the world, to meet with evil-speakers and with evil-doers, and that it must be my constant care to keep myself unspotted from bad example. I thought of this over and over again, and determined that whatever might happen I would try to do right. Besides, I had not seen the next year; she might be a person that I could like; and in this hope I went to sleep.

When I awoke, the bright sunlight was shining through the window; I was alone in the room, and I was sure that it was very late. I was dressing hurriedly when the door softly opened. It was Maria Wild. "How soundly you have slept!" she said; "I did not hear the heart awaken you; but you must make haste, for mistress is down, and has asked for you, and we have finished breakfast." She was not long in following her. The cook had kept some tea warm for me; her manner seemed kinder, and I wished that she would not mention my suspicion; my certainty—that it was the very book I had dusted and placed on the table that morning. The next day I would have quiet, and submit quietly to what you cannot escape from."

"I will," she screamed out; "I have nothing to fear—I am innocent; only let me go up stairs; only let me have a few minutes to—"

"Not a moment," said my master.

He then opened the window, and called to the policeman, who had been waiting in the garden. The boxes of each of the servants were examined. In the cook's box were found two of the bottles, besides many things belonging to my mistress—cambric handkerchiefs, chamber-towels, silk stockings, and articles marked with the names of visitors who had been staying in the house.

She had come to the kitchen, and told me that she had brought me to the nursery cupboard was the third bottle of wine; she had been told to pick up, and which might have left traces of my wandering. There was another bit somewhere. In my gladness to have remembered this, I moved the lamp quickly, and in carrying it towards the edge of the table, when I saw the two bits of burnt matches which I had forgotten to pick up, and which might have left traces of my wandering.

She had come to the kitchen, and told me that she had brought me to the nursery cupboard was the third bottle of wine; she had been told to pick up, and which might have left traces of my wandering.

"Broken the lamp-glass!" said the cook, as I passed through the kitchen with the broken bits of glass; "what will ever you do?"

"Can do nothing but tell mistress."

"Then I'll tell you what to do: take my advice, and deny it."

"Why, that you've broken the lamp-glass?"

"What! tell my mistress a lie? how can you give me such wicked advice?"

"Well! it's no business of mine," said the cook, "if you won't tell her a lie, I'll tell her the truth."

I did not dare to untie the bundle—which was folded up very carefully—but I could feel bits of candle, and a basin among the oddments it contained.

"Stop!" cried my master, following her.

"I must go," she said, "I am ill. This sudden shock—to think that I—till it should come to be—is too much for me."

And then she screamed out: "I have nothing to fear—I am innocent; only let me go up stairs; only let me have a few minutes to—"

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